pose to run over any ghosts. I'll stop for

them just the same as I will for a regular

train. I'd rather stop a nundred times for

the ghost of a train that ain t there than

to go ahead once and smash into a train

guage, and the sciences, taught by highly qualified university men, and the scholars are very successful in the highest examinations. Many earn university scholarships, and Bedford turns out any number of doctors and lawyers, professors, civil servants and officers in her Majesty's army. The schools are thrown open to the world, but since they are day schools, and the scholars must live with their parents or legally constituted guardians, hundreds of families have found it convenient to settle in the town. The consequence has extraordinary stimulus to the building trade, and the town has practically doubled in size during the last quarter of a century. While building estates are still being developed in all directions, most of the new streets are made up of handsome villas surrounded by gardens and lawns, and with its wide roads, perfect sanitation, extensive public park and recreation grounds equipped with pavilions, cricket fields, tennis lawns and promenades, with large play fields for the schools, public gardens and esplanades by the river, which is further ornamented with suspension and rustic bridges the town of Bedford is admitted to be one of the prettiest and best ordered in England. Owing to the large number of young people, there is a great deal of life about the place. Music and the arts are sedulously cultivated. Scores of dances and concerts and art exhibitions take piace in the course of the year. Boating on the river and cycling on the wellmade roads are popular pursuits in the summer, and football is all the rage in the winter; but each school has its own clubs Most of the people who come to Bedford for a cheap and good education possess moderate means without being wealthy, and they dress better than in most towns, especially the manufacturing centers. There are few manufactories in Bedford, and the most notable is that of J. and F. Howard, agricultural implement makers, whose plows are well known in America,

We can boast of no great quarries like singular coincidence in one respect-that both Bedfords stand on the oolitic formation. If your Bedford stone synchronizes in age with our Portland, then the Eng- | Hear the blatant scorchers' bells! of the oolite than yours; but if-as I should judge from the description of your stone, then the geological age of the bedrocks of the two Bedfords is Our Bedford is noted for its river, its

GEOLOGICAL FORMATION.

and John Howard, and for its pretty girls. Our young women have fresh, clear and durable complexions; they possess accomplishments linguistic and artistic; they go they dress neatly, without luxuriance. As "Pllgrim's Progress," his "Manhood" and Bedford bridge; he spent his youth in the neighboring village of Elston; he was imprisoned in an old jail whose site is at prescommunity of whose church he became pastor, and which is now the leading Nonconthe Rev. Dr. Brown, author of of the Pilgrim Fathers." Dr. well known in Massachusetts especially, and in the States generally. John Howard, the famous prison philanthropist, was also a Nonconformist; he Bedford; but he used to attend the Bunyan meeting, until he seceded on some doctrinal difference, and with others formed Congregational. The Episcopalians have nine or ten churches in the town, and that | man of to-day knows that all of the of St. Paul is a stately and ancient edipart of it being Saxon. The Wesleyan dian who knows not these things can Methodists are strong, and one of them is Mr. Frederick Howard, the first citizen of Bedford. There are also Baptists of two denominations, Primitive Methodists, Roman Catholics and the ubiquitous Sal-

governed by a mayor and laying traps to destroy him. All who encorporation who feebly imitate American ways. The present party that tyrannizes grty prejudices, regardless of any real that make the strangest sounds. tions at stake. The party in power is by no means responsible for the rapid from the lakes and drown all within their developments and improvements, but they may be given credit for fairly well conburdens, and the rates are not expensive, hanks to various windfalls through the sale of public property.

ous Americans visit Bedford, and only a ence he will never forget. But don't go few weeks ago we were honored by the presence of descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers. I spent the day with them, nched with them, and had the pleasure of showing a party of them the sights of the town, and even introduced them to an English assize court.

In Bedford we reciprocate your friendly sentiments; we admire our American cousins; we welcome them when they call; we sometimes return their visits; and we now send across the broad Atlantic heartiest greetings to our namesake in Indiana. JOHN HARRISON.

Assistant Editor Bedfordshire Times and

In Greater Detail. Bedford in England is the capital of Bedfordshire, and bestrides the River Ouse, or rather its High-street bridge does. there being a aspontine and transpontine division of the town. It is one of the most ancient corporated boroughs and the town is frequently mentioned in very early English history. It was a flourishing town in Saxon times, and derives its name from the beds and other hotel accommodation offered to pilgrims and travelers who had occasion to ford the river at this point, the Saxon "Bedicanford" simply meaning ford. Its first charter was by Henry II and its last by Charles II. It had a castle to defend the ford, which was the scene of exploits between King John and his barons. The keep of the castle still remains and is devoted to a bowling green. The town also abounds in sites of old priories, hospitals and other reminiscences of Roman Catholic times, It possesses five ancient parish churches, of which the principal is St. Paul's and the oldest St. Peter's. St. Paul's stands in the midst of a large and central square, which is further ornamented by the recenly unveiled statue of John Howard, the prison philanthropist, whose home was at Cardington, two miles away, and whose name figured prominently in the public and religious life of the county town. A spacious and pieceresque green fronts St. Peter's Church, and here is situated the Bunyan, who was born in the neighboring parish of Eiston, in the sixteenth century, and spent twelve years of his life in gaol situated at the corner of Silver and High streets, in the middle of the town. Modern Bedford is remarkable for a very complete system of secondary and elementary schools based upon a charitable ent left by Sir William Harpur, in 552. It was a few acres of meadow land in the middle of London, which has since ecome thickly covered with valuable utildings, and yields a large annual inch is almost entirely spent on if he has been to the inford schools. The town has a with Alice in Wonderland.

population of about 32,000, and it has trebled since the year 1851, mainly owing to famlifes being attracted to the town by the educational advantages. The number of children educated this year in the schools is over 6,000, whereas thirty years ago it THE MIRAGES THAT BOTHER ENwas only 1,860.

BOWLED OUT BY MR. PYM. For over 100 years-until the last election-Bedford was represented in Parliament by members of the Whitbread famly, in the Whig and Liberal interests, but the present member is Mr. Juy Pym, a Conservative. The present mayor is Mr. Frederick A. Bluydes, and the list of mayors goes back continuously to the year 1397, while the members of Parliament are known by name as far back as 1294 and the high sheriffs of the county to 1155. Modern Bedford is a well-built and carefully laid out town with very few narrow streets, equipped with perfect sewerage and water supply systems. All the sidewalks are paved with either York or artificial stone, and the roads well macadamized for cycling. A large park con- his train during all that time. But he has aining thousands of ornamental trees and | had adventures in the flattest country on arubs occupies an elevated site, and a earth. wide avenue leads from it down into the lligh street of the town. Several meadused for recreative purposes, lie ong the banks of the Ouse, which is a broad, tranquil stream, on which the inhabitants pursue their favorite pastime of poating. It is possible to row from Bedord to Lynn on the Wash. The Duke of Bedford has lately presented another park to the town, and this also is close by the river. Ornamental weirs, rustic and sus- the Pan Handle seems as if it might have ension bridges and other means of crossing the river abound. The shops in the commercial streets have handsome facades and are electrically lighted, as are | been any rain for a long time and the ilso the streets, but there are no tramthe most prosperous for its size in Eng. | as far as you can see, and the hot, parch-In the summer it is frequently visited by American travelers who are interested in its two heroes, Howard and Bun-No descendants of Howard are nown, but at least one family carrying on | engineers have lots business in High street is descended from the "illustrious dreamer." As the center of public life in the county, Bedford pos- try that ain't as flat as ours; but then we esses a handsome shire hall and numerous have our disadvantages, too. One of our municipal institutions, a library, magnificent school buildings, a county jail and a | ain't a great deal of danger of our slipcattle market. A workingmen's institute s also a prominent feature. Manufactures are not numerous in the town, but there are three or four large engineering and even cuts, but there are mighty few works, of which the principal is the cele-brated firm of Messrs. J. & F. Howard, is that we see so darned many things that makers of mowing machines and agricul-Bedford in Indiana, but there is a tural implements. The principal newspaper is the Bedfordshire Times and In-dependent.

> Those Bells. Biking bells! What a tale of torment tintinnabulant each tells! On the air of day and night,

> > From their squealing

When the inconsiderate idiot devotes himself to

Oh, those bells!

Of the bells,

Of bike bells!!!

EARTH'S WIERDEST SPOT.

Superstition Mountains.

repeat, but the idea of all of them seems

o be to impress the fact that the arch

fiend who presides over the domain has a

hatred of the red man, and is constantly

ter the realms of horror do so at the risk

of never coming back, and all who do

come back have some new tale to add to

things told of are the swinging stones that

turn out from the walls of a canyon and

crush the passerby. Then there are places

where the ghosts dance; trees that reach

with witches and devils and awful birds

animals by the thousands come right out

of the solid rocks. Fishes with legs come

groans and howls fill the air on all sides.

To see the weird aspect of this uncanny

region it is best to select that time of the

month when the moon is full. The most

interesting portion is in a canyon that

opens on the north side of the range, and

if an explorer will manage to get about

ten miles into this during the daytime, ad after selecting a quiet spot, wait for

the moon to rise, he can have an experi-

In most parts of the world silence comes

with the night. Just the reverse seems

to be the case in the Superstition moun-

tains. Or is this imagination? But sud-

denly the air is rent with the most un-

earthly shrieks that ever fell on mortal

ears. Again and again it comes, and rolls

and echoes through the canyons, getting

weirder with each reverberation. The cry

tains seem like pandimonium.

panthers will not attack him.

mur of voices tills the air.

on its summit.

taken up on all sides until the moun-

But nerve yourself and pass on. Keep

to the bottom of the canyon and you will

be in no danger of a fall. Silence will come

again, and if you keep on you will soon

see a cone-shaped mountain rising before

you. Approach closer and a castle as per-

fect as any on the banks of the Rhine will

near enough a soft, muffled sound of foot-

steps will be heard. What is that? By

looking carefully a procession of panthers

can be seen walking around the cone-

shaped mountain as if guarding the castle

Round and round they go, looking neither

to right or left, and though considerable

noise is made they will not notice it. Many

old hunters say that it is possible for a

man to walk right across the line and the

Further up the canyon are numerous

ulches, into which the moonlight falls,

one of them has a sort of overhanging

edge, and beneath it appears a crowd of

men. Surely they are talking. For their

arms appear to move, their heads turn

from side to side. Some have on white

clothes and others appear to be of differ-

ent colors. A peculiar sound like the mur-

By climbing a small canyon to the left

the most startling sight in the mountain

can be seen. Surely it is not of this world.

The canyon suddenly terminates in a

gulch that crosses it from side to side. At

first the sight is only an abyss of inky

blackness. Listen! A 'peculiar rumbling

ound can be heard, and from the profound

depth a white-robed figure will appear.

Then another and another, until there is

if beckoning the observer. While this is

roing on, clouds will appear to float in

from the sides, and perhaps thunder will

be heard in the distance. But the proces-

sion moves on and passes up a canyon, and

finally disappears over a cliff. Silence will

follow, and the act will be repeated. This canyon cannot be traversed further, but

by turning back and entering a small val-

ley on the other side three giants can be

seen in conference. They are sitting close

to a tree, and their attitudes show them

to be interested in what one of them is

liff, and behind it at intervals can be seen

flashes of light. Thunder follows and the

earth beneath your feet will shake. Pos-

the ground, and you can hear the hissing

of serpents near by. If you happen to be

in the right place you can hear the grind-

ing sound and a rock on top a cliff will

swing outward. But it won't fall, as the

Dozens of experiences like those just re-

lated are likely to befall the night ex-

plorer in the Superstition mountains, so

next shake will swing it back.

sibly one of the flashes may throw you to

a whole procession of ghosts passing over

appear perched on its summit. When

Fire and smoke and horrible

the already long list. The most terrible

From the bounders who are sounders

wheeling.

And the hideous yahoo yells!

Of the blaring bikers' beils,

fear of any part of the range.

"Mirage!" How they fill us with affright! "Yes, that's about the size of it," conor we never know the way the things are comtinued the speaker. "Out in our country, ing, left or right. though, we just call 'em ghosts. It's rath-How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, er disconcerting to look out of the window All about and all around! She who vends the "pennywinkle" ahead of you a good big town where you They who "watercreases" sprinkle, know there wasn't no more town than a Call em brown-though they are yellow-And their merits blare and bellow, Have a less cacophonous sound. Then again it sorter shakes you up to see a big. cool-looking lake of water not very (Like to Alfred Austin's rhyme.) far away, when you know the whole low they come in phantom nosts, cussed country for miles around is dry as the inside of a powder horn. The scien-How they burst from shadowy nooks tific fellows call 'em mirages and have a Like to pedal-pounding spooks, long rigmarole to account for how they On the elderly pedestrian all alone And the people, ah! the people, occur, but that don't keep 'em from mak-Who come spinning down the steep hill, ing a fellow feel sorter craepylike when he sees one, anyway. The worst thing on a fellow's nerves, though, are the ghost en-And feel glory in a broken limb or dislocated When belonging to a "duffer," gines. The first time you see one of them Or a mere nonbiking "buffer!" you get shook up just as bad as if you'd On, those bells, how much we suffer

ain't there

"It'll be a long time before I forget my Shout plus tintinnabulation which unmusically Oh, the discumbobulation and the maddening agguy each other a good deal about the And the ditherum-engendering, scorching con--Punch. The Blood-Curdling Wonderland of The most uncanny spot on the face of of me, hot enough and bright enough to the earth is, very likely, within the boundamighty nigh put out a fellow's eyes, esperies of the Superstition mountains in Aricially when he had to keep his eyes pretty zona. The name was given this volcanic near glued to the track for hours at a rock by the Indians, and never was name Worse than that, a scorchin' wind was blowing like a fury, and sending the alkali dust whistling in great clouds. strange and weird phenomena to be seen there's anything in the world calculated there are the result of natural causes and to make a man's eyes feel like they were can be easily explained, but the poor Inon fire, I reckon it's this same alkali dust when a good big dose of it gets inside hardly be blamed for having a wholesome them. Something called my attention inside the engine for a few seconds, and then The stories the Indians tell of the Superstition mountains would take months to

seen a genuine spook.

quick as a flash I glanced at the track "It'll take me a long time to forget what saw. There on the track right in front of me and not a hundred yards ahead was a big monster locomotive with a long trail of black smoke pourin' out of her smokelooked twice as big as any engine I ever The engineer's head was sticking out of the window. He had wild, staring eyes, but the rest of his face was like That face haunts me now, like a sure-enough ghost. My first impulse was to jump-I don't deny that-but in about a tenth part of a second I decided to stick to my machine and take what would come. You'd better believe I swung to my levers, though, and got the thing stopped so quick that they tell me it threw half the passengers out of their seats. I Then I looked at the track close in front of me again-and there wasn't any more engine there than a rabbit. While I was England rubbing my eyes and looking around in a dazed sort of way, here came the con-ductor and a lot of passengers running of the old-fashioned coaching inns, and they are as cheap as they are quaint and up to the engine.

'What's un?' the conductor velled 'Suthin' on the track,' I answered. "'You look like you might have seen ghost,' says one of the passengers, 'I ain't sure but what I have,' says I "My fireman had been shoveling coal at | the time, and so had not seen anything un- fathers. usual. Just at this point he suddenly glanced down the track, and then with a start he pointed his finger in that direc-

"Thunderation!" he yelled, 'see that, will you? No wonder the old man got "Of course everybody looked in that di-Sure enough, away down the track in front of us there was an engine with the smoke pouring out of the smokestack and a long train of cars behind, Every man in the crowd could see it as plain as you please. We waited and waited for the darned thing to come up to us, but it never did come, and finally we could not see it at all. Then we all decided that it was only a mirage, and so we started I didn't see any more ghosts that trip, but I was sorter trembly for weeks afterward. The affair got into the Texas papers, somehow, and one fellow in writing about it said that likely the engine saw was only my own reflected somehow or other on a mass of heated vapor just in front of me, and that it was a reflection of my own face that I saw sticking out of the cab. If it was, I must have been nearer dead than I hope soon to be again, judgin' from the expression on

"I suppose next time you see a ghost on the road you'll run right over it, won't you, Jink?" suggested a listener. RUNNING OVER A GHOST. "Not much," answered Jink, decidedly, One fellow tried that once. You know a big part of the business on our road is hauling cattle. In the spring we haul hundreds of carloads of them from Texas to the ranges in Colorado and Montana and those States up there, and then in the fall we haul them back to Texas again to winter there. In this way our freight traffic is mostly all one way in the spring and all the other way in the fall. Naturally enough, our locomotives and cabooses all motives and cabooses. The result is that cabooses back by themselves without any cars. The boys call them horse and buggy trains. Well, this fellow I started to tell you about was bringing a horse and buggy back from Denver, and going it at a pretty lively gait, too, when suddenly right on the track ahead of him he noticed another horse and buggy, with the buggy end

'He couldn't have been giving very good attention to the track for the last minute or two, or else the combination of circumstances blurred his eyesight, for he said afterward that he never noticed the thing until he was telerably close to it. Still he had plenty of time to stop if he wanted On the trip up, however, he had had an interview with the ghost and been guyed about it by the boys, so he concluded this time he would run square over that when daylight comes he will feel as | the ghost. "A few seconds later, when he ran ker-

worst surprised cuss that eyer cracked a throttle in Texas. Luckily there was no-body killed, but some of them were pretty TEXAS RAILWAY GHOSTS badly shaken up, and there was some pretty badly damaged railroad property. It turned out that the first horse and buggy had been disabled some way and was simply waiting on the track when GINEERS IN THE PANHANDLE. the second one struck it. No, I don't pro-

that is there.

Phantom Trains That Seem Rushing

Into Collision-Disastrous Attempt

to Run Through a Ghost.

"Sometimes the country I run through

is the grandest, most beautiful in all the

world," he remarked recently, "and some-

times it's about the cussedest. In the

spring, when we've had plenty of rain and

the crops are all growing nice and the

been designed for a kind of earthly para-

ing wind is sending the alkal! dust scoot-

ing everwhere, the country seems mighty

get close to it. Of course there are a few

Most of his listeners shook their heads

and nodded knowingly, and some one ut

HIS FIRST GHOST.

"How's that?" asked an auditor.

"Of course, you fellows understand, Smith continued, "that we don't see those things all the time. They are comparatively rare. A fellow may be on the road a long time and never see one at all. They say that the heat has something to do Sherman (Tex.) Letter in New York Sun. with making a mirage. 1 reckon it does. for nobody ever sees our ghost except in heat of summer time. Still, we see them often enough. I think sometimes some fellows see them and are ashamed to tell about it afterward for fear of beng guyed. It's a kind of standing joke with the men on our road. When an engineer who generally runs close to the behind time without some good excuse for it, the boys say, 'Well, I reckon Bob must have been interviewing the ghost.' One hot afternoon a poor fellow named Jim

gave an awful yell and jumped out of his "The fireman couldn't see anything to ge scared at, but he stopped the train and backed back to where Daniels had fallen. The poor fellow had lit wrong and his neck was broken. Of course he never spoke a word, but the railroad men all thought he must have seen an engine right near at dise. In the summer, when there hasn't hand, somehow, and lost his nerve at the

Daniels was running along over another

Pan Handle road, not ours, when all of a

sudden, without any apparent reason,

sight. Poor fellow! His jump cost him "Lots of our section hands and other aborers are greasers. Some of them are very superstitious. They have heard about these ghost engines and maybe have seen some themselves occasionally. They must have talked the matter over among themselves a good deal, for they have developed some very astonisning stories out of t. They firmly believe that a phantom train runs over our line in the wee hours of every night; that the devil is its engineer and corpses are its passengers. They call it the 'midnight special.' I think some mischievous engineer or conductor must first have suggested this name to them. places where there are hills and curves By the way, if you ever have to spend the night at a little Pan Handle hotel and find your slumbers interrupted by the jabbering of a lot of Mexican railroad hands, just come down and ask them if the midnight special isn't due before long. You'll be surprised and delighted to find what a "Ghosts!" answered Jink. "Didn't you ever hear of the ghosts of the Pan Hanquieting effect this will have upon them.

NOT A GREAT UNDERTAKING. Fouring England Is Easy to Americans Who Are Used to Immensity. St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

As that is, no doubt, the only consideraion which has kept many who read this from having ere now a cycle tour of England it may be said at once that the expense of a vacation thus spent, and lastng at least five weeks, need not be more than \$110 or \$115. For that amount a man with a bicycle can see more of the bright ittle garden of an isle than most of th ull-pursed travelers do. If two men go together, share each other's rooms on sea and on shore, they will be enabled to make their money hold them extra luxuries of travel or cut down the cost to even a

Of course, by a cycle tour one means cycle tour as it is understood in this country—a wheeling excursion to see the sights of landscapes, not to enjoy the big hotels or to go to theaters, or to spend money on city frivolities. Once you get your steamer passage paid, over and back, the other expenses are less than they are for touring his country. And you get more out of the trip, for you see a strange land, with customs mostly foreign to yours, and museums, galleries, cathedrals and towns that | lar. There are many hundreds of limeare among the wondrous ones of the

Suppose you get an extra three weeks off this summer, in addition to your annual fortnight. You can get a round-trip ticket You can get the same accommodations on the comfortable cattle steamers which ply between New York and Southampton for the same money. You can get second-class passage on almost any line for \$60 or \$65

swift a wheelman you are, of course, whether you cover a great deal of ground You will have eighteen days or so for the our, between the arrival in England and the time of re-embarking for home. If you take passage to Southampton begin at your landing place, run through Winchester, Aldershot and across Surrey to London. Thence you will like to journey to the famous eastle of Windsor, a twenty-two mile run over good roads. All the roads are good in England. Eton and its college is only half a mile away across the river, and seven miles further up this Thames valley is Ascot, place of fine racing. It is pleasant ride to old Wallingford, where delicious slice of roast and stout glass f ale may be had at a pretty tavern. Crossing the Thames at Shillingford bridge you enter Oxfordshire, and, pushing ahead hrough Nunehan Courtenay, you come to that giorious old city of fine architecture-Oxford.

the ride. Through Warwickshire you pass on for fifty miles to Shakspeare's birthplace, Stratford-on-Avon, where you will feel quite at home, since that is where the strong Shakspearean English we use, and that the British have called slang, originated

Consult the road book bought in London and head for Windermere, for Ambleside and then Solway Firth bridge. Proceed then to Glasgow, where you may take Perhaps the trip up to this point has used up your time. It depends on how shut my eyes for a moment and waited for many miles your cyclometer registered each day. One could spend a whole sum mer-several summers-a lifetime of fair days, in fact, making this trip through The sport of wheeling has revived many

pular with the English as with us, and a man on a wheel, if the observes the rules of the road and respects the customs of the country he is n, will get more than can be told out of \$110 or \$115 spent on a five weeks' vacation on the Atlantic and the soil of our fore-

RACING WOMEN. Many of Them in England-How They Conduct Themselves.

There are women who race to make money. I used to know one. She was a demure-looking spinster of that "certain which stands for sixty or thereabouts, dwelt quietly in a country village. But her income was derived from winners, and so good were the tips she obtained that she lived in considerable comfort, although she had only about £50 a year of regular revenue.

Then there are women who race for love of horseflesh. These are incessantly in the stable and in the paddock, like the late Duchess of Montrose, as good a judge of a horse as most men and not bad at spotting the qualities of a jockey. Other women race as they play bacarat or poker, from sheer desire for excitement. gambling instinct is strong within them and must be satisfied, whether at Monte Carlo or at Ascot. But the largest number of racing women hall from the ranks of those who love a picnic, a flirtation, an open-air lunch, and the chance of wearing smart summer gown. Last week this variety of racing women had a specially good time, for in Ascot week she touched the highest point of joy

and is as perfectly contented as poor hu

man nature-ever grumbling like an old

fogy in a club-can ever hope to be. Ascot is a picnic with horses as interruption: and royalty as a spectacle. At least half the women who go there scarcely glance at the race course twice in the four days of the meeting. They are busy staring at one another, eating luncheons and teas, and smiling on favored swains, whose violent excursions into the ring they regard with extreme disapprobation. Gowns and attentive guardsmen. strawberries and cream, and princessesthose four items fairly sum up Ascot for them. If they win a few pairs of gloves on the races, so much the better. When they back a horse it is usually on account of the pretty colors of the owner or the attractive appearance of the jockey. It is funny to note the contempt with which they are regarded by really keen racing women, who will take any trouble, under-"in the know" about the favorite.

A famous jockey, who has now which high-born dames pursued him and experience and described the way in the shifts to which they put themselves in order to get at him. One, an English Duchess, used to trot all over the place after him, call at his house, take his wife out dining, and kiss his children whenever she met them so long as he rode. As soon as he gave up the saddle she dropped him, and even ceased to recognize him when she encountered him occasionally at Newmarket. Racing women are ready to pay large price for their favorite amusement. moderate-sized house, belonging to a friend of mine who lives near Ascot, was et last week for 200 guineas for the seven days. A party of twelve persons occupied it, and they brought, besides maids and men servants, twelve men servants I smash into the thing, he was perhaps the I and two chefs.

THE BEAUTIES IN CAVES

Many in America Are Still Unexplored, and the Largest Are Not the Most Interesting.

Cyrus C. Adams, in New York Sun. We have the largest known cave in the world, and also one the beauty of whose formations is believed to be unsurpassed, but in one respect none of our caves is so interesting as quite a number of the European caverns. Our caves have contributed very little to our knowledge of prehistoric man, though a great deal has been learned about him by the study of his remains found in the caves of Europe It is well known that there are three succeeding epochs in the early life of man. when his habitations, workshops and many specimens of his handiwork are to be found chiefly in caverns or under rock shelters; but our caves seem to have been little used by the aborigines as dwelling places, and some archaeologists believe that when the ancestors of our Indians came to this continent they had already learned the art of building more convenient shelters than caverns afford. In a cold, wet corner of Luray Cave, the other day. I saw all that is visible of the human skeleton which is supposed to be that of a prehistoric man. One reason for thinking so is because most of it is held tightly in the grip of the floor, which indicates that the remains are of great age. All visitors to our largest caves remark the wonderfully pure air that is found even in their deepest recesses. This is chiefly due to the fact that they are almost entirely devoid of decomposing animal and vegetable matter. No air so pure can be found anywhere in the world except on bare mountain summits or in the polar ice regions or lifeless sand deserts. The ruins may still be seen of two of the twelve cottages that were reared, years ago, in the depths of Mammoth Cave, and occupied by a number of consumptive patients, who were sent to live would be beneficial. They forgot that they needed sun as well as air, and the experiment was an utter failure. They could not live in the cave any more than the plants and shrubs which they set out

Our three great centers of limestone caves, in the order of their importance, are found in Kentucky, Indiana and Virginia. Perhaps not more than one in ten of them is visited by tourists, and hardly a larger proportion has been thoroughly explored. Among the Kentucky caves it seems to be bigness and not beauty that

around their dark homes, hoping that with

the utmost care they might make them

LARGE BUT NOT BEAUTIFUL. Most visitors flock to Mammoth Cave, which is, to be sure, very wonderful in its immensity, though most of its long, low, narrow passages and enormous rooms are about as barren of the welrd and fantastic beauty which calcite forms lend to a few favored caves as the walls of a celstone caves in the world, but comparatively few beautiful ones.

Great holes may be excavated by the erosive power of water, but unless certain conditions are exactly fulfilled there will be none of the stone columns and draperles and other brilliant and imposing effects that are peculiar to stone scenery. These objects are not found except under certain conditions of ventilation, dryness and water flow. A torrent of water may terranean ravine. It is the very slow dripping of water through the limestone roof that makes stalactites and stalagmites grow.

It is drops, trickling for ages, that de-posit, instead of carry away, their burden of earthly matter and beautifully tint it with shades of red and yellow, as they happen to be more or less charged with carbonate of iron. Adelsburg Cave, in Austria, is conspicuously first among the beautiful caves of Europe. Visitors to our Luray Cave are piloted through the labyrinthine mazes for only two miles, while the long route in Mammoth Cave covers sixteen miles, and the total length of its tortuous passages is supposed to exceed 150 miles. But Luray was formed under conditions far more favorable to deco-rative effect, and, while Mammoth Cave has its own unrivaled claims, it is not so

beautiful as Luray. Professor Shaler has spoken of Diamond Cave as the most beautiful cavern in Kentucky, and yet we seldom hear of it. The caves in Edmondson county alone, of which Mammoth Cave is the chief attraction, number five hundred, and seven other counties-Grayson, Hart, Warren, Butler, Logan, Christian and a part of Prigg-are underlaid with caves. In other words, eight thousand square miles of the single State of Kentucky are honeycombed

We have no Martel, as France has, to and scores of Kentucky's caves will probably not be explored for years to come. Many that have been casually examined, like Whit's, Proctor and Grand Crystal Caves, show very little that is note-worthy; but a good deal of interesting history is connected with many others. Humoth, Saunders, Haunted and Dry Caves, Putnam found in Salt Cave well preserved sandals and implements that are believed to have belonged to prehistoric man.

Short Cave has yielded that rara avis among archaeological finds in our territory, a well-preserved mummy, which now rests in the Museum of the American Antiquarian Society, in Worcester. Doubtless many of these caverns are worthy of study, and will in time receive it. The same limestone formation extends down into Tennessee, which accordingly has caverns of its own, and the formation also crosses the Ohio river into Indiana, where, in Crawford, Lawrence and Orange coun-

ties, is the second most important American cave region. Visitors to the largest of these caves. Wyandotte, in Crawford county, usually start from the town of Leavenworth, on the Ohio river. There is nothing disappointing about this second largest of our caverns, though there are very few persons who ever traverse all of its twentythree miles of ramifying passages. It richer in fine dripstone formation than Mammoth Cave, and far from its mouth is a superb accumulation of gypsum crystals almost equal to those of Mammoth Cave, where the imitative forms in gypsum of flowers, vines, shrubbery and so on are among the chief wonders of our larg-

WYANDOTTE'S BEAUTIES. Odd Fellows' Hall, the largest room in Wyandotte, is 310 feet long, 100 feet wide and 80 feet high. Orange and Lawrence counties are also very rich in caves, among Wet, about a mile; Dry, Grinstaff, Conel-Buzzard's and others; and in Orange county, particularly, is seen the phenomenon.

so characteristic of limestone cave regions,

of disappearing rivers. The most important of this type is the Lost river, which is swallowed up in the earth five times before it finally comes to the surface to stay. Where it finally emerges, at Orangeville, at the bottom of a wooded ravine, it is forty feet wide. can be turned to good account for exhibition purposes. If capital could see some other way to make money out of them the number that are still unexplored and almost unknown would not be so large. The blue and blue-gray limestone caves of the great valley of Virginia belong to a much older geological era than those of Kentucky, and are smaller than the Western caves. Their walls are more elaborately adorned, and they more nearly resemble the caves of Austria and France than those in our other great cave cen-The counties of Shenandoah, Page, Madison, Greene, Albemarle, Augusta and Rockbridge, in Virginia, were known long before Luray was discovered to be rich in caves. For many years Weyer's Cave, about sixteen miles from Staunton, was supposed to be the largest and finest cave

in the Virginia district. It was discovered P. Stebbins, attracted by the sinkholes on lage of Luray, told the townspeople he hill. He began digging here and there on cerpts leaves from an encyclopedia is, al- had that," Fortunately, his the hill. He enlisted the interest of two or most with certainty, ostensibly "a gentle- regarded as above suspicion.

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the hillside, about forty feet in diameter and ten feet deep, half filled with loose stones, grass and weeds. They spent some hours removing the obstructions, and at last found an opening through which a current of air was rising. Luray Cave had been discovered. The name of the quiet village was made famous by the men who had been ridiculed. There are many caves in this remarka-ble region. Count's, Ruffner's, Lawler's and Water Caves are in the immediate neighborhood of Luray. King's Cave, which the Indians used as a cemetery, and Robert's Cave are about eight miles north. Diamond Hall, in Zirkle's Cave, about six miles from New Market, is well worth seeing; and nearer to New Market is a large and still only partly explored

In Orange Cave, which excursionists from White Sulphur Springs often visit, the sweetest tones may be elicited by striking with a stick the slender columns of dripstone. Then there are the Shenandoah grottoes, Madison Cave and others of less renown. Many may be interested to know that our word "grotesque" is de-

rived from "grotto," referring to the re-sults of her fancy that nature leaves in these works of her hands.

BOOK THIEVES.

the Libraries of the Metropolis.

New York Evening Post. One would think that those admitted to

the privileges of a library, even though they had had to part with a few dollars therefor, would be honest folk, as they "traveled in the realms of gold." Unhappily, one would be greatly mistaken; there are some who, having obtained admittance, busy themselves in the realms with picking up and stowing in private pockets al the unguarded nuggets they can run upon. All of disillusion concerning the character of those who seek the Hesperidian garden of literature, but, singularly enough, those who charge an admission fee lament most, and those least who fling the gate wide open and invite whosoever will to enter and partake without money and without price. The Mercantile Library, for instance, is a an article in this paper some months ago, the Free Circulating Library is almost ex-

At the Mercantile Library three orders of theft have been detected: (1) The outright stealing of whole books: (2) the appropriation of small parts; and (3) the temporary alienation of extra books, which, if taken openly and above board, would cost the

are, of course, a very annoying class, limited, however, in number and in the length of the course which it is possible for them one if the misappropriated valumes have been taken out upon the subscription card; in that case the thief simply disappears, and, unfortunately, the books with him. A longer lease of thieving is possible when the objects of attachment are other voiumes lying handy on desk, table or shelf, but habit of this sort could not long remain chronic under observation which the employes of the library are by circumstances obliged to maintain.

More pestiferous, perhaps, is the purlioner who is habituated to the second order of theft. His work is insidious, and when its consequences are discovered the book may have passed through a dozen hands, that there is no clew to his identity The last user might be suspected-quite wrongly, too-but he cannot be accured a one. So this kind of spoilator may continue to flourish indefinitely. If he has use for certain pages of an encyclopedia and is scant of the time or averse to the toil of copying them, he may deftly excise and pocket them at a keenly-watched-for moment of opportunity, return the volume with an air of impregnable virtue to a librarian, and the latter, observing no impairment of bulk in the tome, may hurriedly and innocently replace it upon its proper shelf. This has actually occurred and looks bad; the man who boldly ex-

three other men, who he ped him in his man and a scholar." Again, if the despoilcannot exist without this evangel lying snuggled in his pocketbook next to his heart, he may neatly clip it out in his frenzy of appreciation and who shall necessarily be the wiser for some time to come? This, too, is one of the incidents of experience at the Mercantile, and it likewise is most unpleasantly significant. Can one truly love a poem and steal it. too? Does poetry incite to theft? Does it tend to make its adorer irresponsible? These and many other startling questions may well present themselves to the psychologic mind upon the basis of the facts developed at the Mercantile. The third class-that which cheats the library out of dues for extra books by

furtively carrying them away-is believed to be fairly numerous. One would think this practice would be scarcely feasible but assurance is given that it can and does exist without discovery. missed, diligently searched for, and not found; then they suddenly reappear, and the conclusion is irresistible. Occasionally a culprit is caught in the act. One day one of the assistants was lucky enough to spy an old and most respectable lady whip a couple of books under an ample shawl. "Madam," said he politely, when she came up to the desk, "you have two more books than you are entitled to. "What do you mean, sir?" she demanded tory is connected with many others. Hu-man remains have been found in Mambut them there; have the goodness to place them on this desk and leave them there. The old lady obeyed, with a scarlet face, and was never seen thereabouts again. The assistant believed that she only meant o evade payment of extra fees.

The anxiety of the library management to afford every convenience and facility to its subscribers puts an opportunity in the way of any who are inclined to purloin and to evade extra payments. In order that subscribers may have an opportunity to examine at leisure all new books, the latter are ranged on shelves on the public side of he long counter behind which the bulk of the library is protected from all except official hands. Thus there is the freest access to these books. It is interesting to note the character of the favorite authors of peculators Pure literature is not in demand.

dise Lost" is never lost. The same is true "Love's Labor's Lost." 'The Lost Stradivarius' is, however, always in danger of disappearance. Still. urrent fiction is not the chiefest favorite the purloiners. The book of books with them-the pearl of price, as it were-is a cook book. Cook books are the thorns in he flesh of the librarians of the Mercantile They must have them in order to supply the legitimate demand, and it is most diffi cult to have them on account of the illegitimate demand. Next to the cook book comes the work on bookkeeping. this follow books on stenography and other treatises of a practical and technical naure, mastery of which leads to livelihood. which have become classics of literature for example, the latest misapproprated works in this kind were Lamb's "History of New York." Thompson's "History of Long Island," and a history of South Caroina, the name of the author of which ar assistant in the library could not recall. Thompson's work and the South Carolina history were both out of print and quite Shortly after the theft of the former the librarians read of the sale of a copy of Thompson for \$25. They did not believe, however, that it was their stolen copy Fortunately, they are not entirely bereft of Thompson, having a second copy. Such experiences have caused them to require a deposit upon books which for any reason they are particularly unwilling to lose. Books long lost sometimes return like bread cast upon the waters. They are sellom the reparations of tented consciences. They come from second-hand bookdealers, who find them in purchased lots and would rather not be caught in possession. They come, too, from relatives of deceased persons, and from auctioneers who in cataloguing the library of some departed citizen of high standing make discoveries. It seems to be the accepted method of procedure among dealers and auctioneers to send back in haste and without consultation any book bearing the multitudinous stamps of the Mercantile. In consequence of the futility of trying to sell books stolen from the library, it is believed that they are seldom confiscated for that purpose, but

That forgetfulness is often the cause of ermanent or long disappearances is unoubted. For instance, a librarian on ex cellent terms with a gentleman who had long been a subscriber visited him evening after he had ceased to be one, and pretty soon saw in his bookcase a volume belonging to the library. "Bless me." had that." Fortunately, his character was